

Wadda Ya Know

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Summary: Being ripped to pieces by an explosion has it's benefits...

Wadda Ya Know

His escape, successful. Though his hands were empty, his cricket bat cast aside at the last minute when the parasitic abominations finally broke the stronghold of the hangar doors. And what use would a rifle with no bullets left be to him? He'd left the aggressive female Human with a fatal welt to her skull. The least he could do was make her death swift after she'd aided his escape from the savage creatures. _Though_ at a cost.

Henry's pod drifted for nowhere, the Human controls emitting an eerie glow about the tight cabin. It certainly wasn't for Sangheili, even though he was short for his kind. Henry still had plenty of bulk, and his chest pounded with the thudding of his duel hearts while he watched the Human ship he'd been imprisoned within, explode. The ship had turned so bright, so blinding, it was as if the transport had turned into a star. The hull crumbled in on itself, small fires bursting from the ruptured engines and dying out in the vacuum of space instantly. He raised a hand to his face, bracing the cabin when the first wave of superheated gas rammed and tossed the diminutive pod. Then another wave even stronger than before rocked it again, and a cold knot formed in his empty belly. The hull around his pod was being shredded. Slowly but surly it was peeling away and with every piece that was crippled, shribbled like a wad of paper, cast into the pitch black around him. The realization that he would not escape the blast was settling in. It wasn't exactly the way he'd like this chapter of his life to end. Yet it may save him from the punishment he would greatly suffer at the hands of the Prophets. They would make a fool of him further, as he'd discovered nothing important about their military operations, the involvement they may have had with the Forerunners, their home planet location, nothing.

Well He mused. _Not nothing_. No. _For once, the irritable

stroking the Human male named Rem-mur did to his arm, was missed. He did become attached to the nervous creature like a pet, though it appeared he was the pet. His jabbering may have been annoying, to further it with his pitchy voice. Yet, he discovered friendship, one that was unlikely.

Though only hours ago, having slid in with the foul smelling water, her companions behind her. he discovered something that quickly became a little precious to him, more so than his friend, Rem-mur. Only a few times had he heard her name.

Enti? â€|. No. Behndi? Bendiâ€|. Benti. Bentiâ€| His eyes watched the last wave, towering thousands of times in height that the last, rush towards him blindingly. He prepared himself as the pod screamed with the spontaneous increase of pressure, boosters failing and dragging him towards the racing wall of red and white rolling clouds. The pain he expected, it never came. Only heat. His vision gone white.

It was still warm when he awoke. Not as hot as it was mere seconds ago, but warm enough. The Sangheili found himself upon grass. Wisps of it tickling his snout when he turned his head to look at his surroundings. He feltâ€| Good. Happy. Happier than he'd rarely beenâ€| The time of his first promotion, the night of solace with a young priestess, secretively watching his first offspring hatch from a window outside the birthing roomâ€| None, his regrettably admitted, could compare. His body did not hurt, he felt no hunger, no more discomfort of being filthy, he wasn't exhausted, paranoid... All the energy anybody could dream to have, was within him. Yet as he rolled from the sight of a blue sky with soft clouds and looked out over the hilly, grassy terrain, a sense of emptiness hit him. It nagged ruthlessly once his mind had gathered itself. There still lay a sense of longing? He whined softly, not wanting to be in another type of misery. With a huff, he stood, green eyes in awe at the fields of golden tea colored grass rolling in the mild winds. Distant mountains of shades of purple-gray loomed over the horizon. He glanced to his left, a sensory-overload for his nose with the sweet scent of lake water. It was similar to the one his State had back home, though it was painfully obvious that this was home now, for how long, he did not know. The grass crunched pleasantly under his feet as he guided himself with the stream to where this nagging feeling in his hearts burned from. The mist of a waterfall was at first blinding with it's glow of sunlight on the water particles, though his eyes soon adjusted, and rose by instinct to the figure settled within the groove the finely water carved rock near it's base.

So I am not at a lossâ€| After all. He thought with silent elation. Her expression was cold, too sad for this beautiful place they'd been sent to. Her pale skin wrapped in a pale white sleeveless top, short white mid-length pants. She did not respond to the sound of his trek through the cool stream, nor the heavy thuds of his hooves and hands upon the warm stones that he scaled to get to her. Only when his shadow fell over her, did she raise her gaze to meet his. Just the same look as he when she first met him.

Steely, intelligent, kind, humorous, determined.

Her voice was soft, unscathed by fear, pain, sadness, or war. She too seemed to feel peace as he'd found her. Her face was revealed more that it was within the dark interior of the ship. Her hair wasn't a

spiked mess either, it now drooped over her brows in a thin strands, it's texture wispy, longer than he remembered.

"Took you long enoughâ€¦ But it gave me time to think it over." It was relief to finally be able to understand her, even though before he knew all the time that she meant well.

She shifted aside to rest her weight on one palm while he dropped next to her with a quiet groan. He was surprised at himself for not acting as she moved slowly across the grass on her hands and knees, sliding over his thick thigh into the warmth of his lap. He blinked. The ache in his chest had gone, he no longer felt an urge to find what he'd been longing for. His arms looped around the small of her back, watching her steadily as she brought her middle against his, and fingers pressed into the exposed portion of his sternum. Palms grooving the flesh in his chest beneath his gray, leathery-pebbled skin. Benti's breath caressed it as he moved to hold a strong hand to her shoulder and brought his head about to rest cheek-to-cheek with her. Something wet suckled behind his lower mandible, then stopped as soon as it started.

"I am glad," He began with a steady intake of air. "That you agree." Although he couldn't see it from where he rested his chin against the back of her shoulder, he knew that she was smiling. He knew that he was. In the end he hadn't lost all, most certainly not. All he needed was in his lap.

~*)

"Hey this ain't so badâ€¦" Rimmer shuffled along to the hill where he had a feeling he should look. Hands stuffed in the pockets of his orange detention suit, a crooked smile on his sudden well groomed face. Below him roared a waterfall, and his eyes focused on a lumpy gray object nearly across from him. He raised a hand with excitement but froze as he got a better view of what was beneath his alien companion's hunched form. "Huh, who'd a thunk it?" He muttered with a childish smile to himself, like a child stealing his father's favorite Playboy for the first time. Flopping down in the grass carelessly when Henry noticed him and regarded him subtly, making the prisoner grin foolishly.

"Wadda ya know."

* * *

><p>Author's Note: This story I had alot of fun with, mainly because I knew what I wanted when I started to type it. Yes it is a Henry x Benti story, and it's plain and simple with not a lot of mushy, gooshy, lovely, dovey. And Rimmer at the end because although he was annoying, he's still loveable in his own right. It just sort of made me tilt my head at exactly how much these two were focused on in the story and how much they interacted with each other while the others, Clarence and Rimmer, got little time under the spotlight. All Characters generally shined when their time came, but these two just had a constant glow. During the animated comic, there was hardly any scene with Benti that didn't feature Henry covering her ass, least I leave out his anguished roar at her being swallowed up by the Flood. A song does go with this particular fic. It's featured on the Wolf's Rain Soundtrack, called "Friends". It's available on Youtube for listening purposes. =)

****Thanks for reading, please let me know what you think. It'd be much appreciated.****

End
file.